Ed, 6/21/76

In what I wrote you earlier today I was excessivly considerate and generous.

It now turns out that you are a rotten, avaricious, totally untrustworthy miserable bastard.

I discovered this only by accident, because you caught even be a good crook when one trusts you implicitly.

I had need for some of the accumulation of papers of recent date I was not able to file because your stubborn refusal to be a human being forced me from my office. In looking for them I found some of what for all practicaly purposes you stole and left other than where I had it.

I refer to those records I told you about in confidence, showed you and explained to you and said I would have copied and sent to you as I copied this large file in sequence, from low to high numbers. This was not enough for your sickdicksickgreed.

Nor was merely stealing it enough.

You had to, as usual deface these pages some of which, as I let you know, I might in a rush need for facsimile reproduction. You also, wretched man, know how urgent any income is for me and the cost of acquiring these and other records, a cost you are too damned cheap to incur when you can impose on me to chisel and steal.

Were this not enough you are so contemptuous of anyone else and of any standard or concept of common decency you didn't even take time to put the papers back together in proper order. Now in addition to all the other time you have wasted for me I have to take this time.

I also told you I was not unstapling any of my originals until they were copied and why.

But you were afraid there might be a tiny letter or symbol or mark of some kind in the stapled corner of one of these pages you might not be able to steal by merely handing them back. So, when I have no staples capable of that thickness, you tore these apart anyway, deforming them that way, too, and when you were not able to staple them after several efforts the effects of which are visible you merely didn't give a damn, knowing you'd be away before I'd discover it and masked it all by using the spring clip with which I had attached my note to the editor. In fact, scum, you even deface that.

Whether you have only an insatiable greed and a compulsion to steal and whether you intend some use is now immaterial. I take and from you have taken too much. This soars past that.

You leave me no choice. I herewith demand the return of every scrap of paper you have obtained from me whether with my permission or without. I expect you to spend some time daily to accomplish this. I also demand your written assurances that you have done this and that regardless of whether or not you could have obtained it from some other source you will not ever, in your book or any other way, make any use of any nature of anything and everything you have obtained from me. I want this assurance, in writing, before you will be able to go through your files and make the return I ask.

I am informing Jim of this by a carbon. I will also speak to him when I can. I am not going to drop this or forget the unconscionable humiliations you have in your lack of concern for anything except this insane greed needlessly inflicted on me. I am not a lawyer. You are. It strikes me that without making any kind of search this constitutes larceny after trust. I am quite prepared to learn whether or not it is. If you want that just try me!

I am not taking these papers apart to put them together in proper order now. I am going to call Lil in and let her examine them. I will then put them aside as they are, quite prepared to fingerprint them if necessary. I'm as disgusted as I have ever been. Harold.

Scoundrel Ed,

Still later 6/21/76

Is there to be no end to my accidental discoveries of your imposition on my trust and your dishonesties?

Lil just sent me down the cellar to obtain something for her. I remembered where it was - a started box of Whitewash IIs not with the others. I immediately noticed it had been moved from where it was.

Why? Because where it was blocked one of my dead-storage files in the cellar.

There has been no person there except you.

I was stunned, even after all else. You have to prowl around, without my permission and without asking it, in my basement, too?

So I picked up the box and started to take it to Lil and passed the next row of dead files toward the stairs. The first thing that attracted my eye is a box in which the bottom is bad and I hadn't moved it without sliding it for fear it would spill all over the floor. You left it cocked at an angle. Why did you move it? To pry through my old files that have no relationship to your expressed interests and I haven't been into in years.

This was not enough. You also had to paw through the box itself. In doing this you left a volume exposed to the dust.

When so much has disappeared in which you alone of those of whom I know have an interest you have, perhaps unjustly, now inspired still other suspicions.

I am going to lean over backward on this and again not touch anything.

Several weeks ago Scott was here to do some work for me putting shelves up in the cellar so that, when and as I can, I can try to restore it to order. I'll see whether or not he recalls anything about where what was. He is supposed to be here this weekend, as you know.

Truly I sorrow for you.

If you can behave like this you are in desperate need of professional help.

Harold